

The New Era.

DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION AND AGRICULTURE.

"GIVE ME THE LIBERTY TO KNOW, TO UTTER, AND TO ARGUE FREELY, ACCORDING TO CONSCIENCE, ABOVE ALL OTHER LIBERTY."

VOL. VII. NO. 16. NEWMARKET, C. W., FRIDAY, JUNE 4, 1858. WHOLE NO. 328.

Business Directory.
W. HOLLEY,
CONVEYANCER AND LAND AGENT,
Commissioner in the Queen's Bench,
Office on Yonge Street.
Aurora, 25th May, 1858. (f-17)

ALFRED BERRY,
HOUSE, SIGN, CARRIAGES,
Aurora, April 26, 1858. (f-13)

ORNAMENTAL PAINTER.
Aurora, April 26, 1858. (f-13)

F. W. BATHURST,
TEACHER of Music, Newmarket, C. W. Pianos
tuned to order, in Town or Country, on the
shortest notice. Residence—House of Mr. Byde,
Newmarket, Sept. 6, 1855. (f-31)

J. SUTTON,
WATCH and Clock Maker, Main Street New-
market. All kinds of Watches and Clocks
repaired in order, and warranted.
WANTED—An Apprentice to learn the Business,
Newmarket, September 9, 1853. (f-32)

BIBLE DEPOSITORY.
BIBLES and Testaments can be had at Society's
prices, upon application to THOMAS NIXON, at the
Bible Depository, opposite Hewitt's Hotel.
Newmarket, March 26, 1855. (f-10)

GEORGE B. HUTCHCROFT,
Wagon, Carriage & Sleigh Maker,
MAIN Street Newmarket. All Orders executed
with Despatch.
Newmarket, Feb. 5th, 1856. (f-35n)

New Wagon and Carriage Shop.
THE undersigned respectfully intimates to his
friends and the public generally that he has
lately opened a
WAGON AND CARRIAGE SHOP,
In his new premises, Situated Street, near the
Catholic Church, where will be prepared to exe-
cute all orders with which he may be favored, with
neatness, durability and despatch.
Call and examine the work and hear the prices
before purchasing elsewhere.
ROBERT MURRAY,
Newmarket, May 29, 1856. (f-17)

DR. BENTLEY,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,
NEWMARKET,
Office—Water Street, foot of Main Street.
Feb. 20, 1857. (f-3)

Jas. McCreary & Henry Croxon,
HOLLAND LANDING,
LICENSED Auctioneers for the Counties
of York, Ontario and Simcoe. All Or-
ders punctually attended.
(f-16)

Armstrong House,
ADJOINING THE RAILWAY DEPOT!
And nearest House to the Steamboat Landing,
COLLINGWOOD.
G. W. ARMSTRONG, PROPRIETOR,
July 3, 1857. (f-22)

Just Printed,
AND for Sale at this Office, BLANK MARSHALL
CERTIFICATES, adapted to the use of Ministers
of all Denominations. Price in per dozen, or 50 cts
per 100.
Newmarket, March 26, 1857.

RAILROAD HOTEL,
NEW MARKET.
THE proprietor having again resumed the above
HOTEL respectfully intimates to the travelling
public that the premises have undergone a thorough
repair, and he is now prepared for the reception of
guests. The B.H. contains Liquors of the best
Brands; and the Larder well supplied.
JAS. FORSYTH.
Newmarket, Oct. 14, 1857. (f-37)

Newmarket Iron Foundry.
JAMES ALLAN begs to return thanks for
the favor, and to intimate that he is pre-
pared to cast STOVES, SUGAR KETTLES,
MACHINE CASTINGS, and other articles
usually required in his line of business.
A number of SUGAR KETTLES,
and STOVES, PLOUGHS, on hand for sale.
Newmarket, February 10th 1854. (f-1)

TO THE AFFLICTED.
W. C. HUGHES begs to inform those who are
afflicted with Cancer, Bronchitis or Thick
Neck, and Salt Rheum, that he will warrant a cure
of any of the above mentioned complaints. If the
Medicine given by him does not have the desired
effect after a fair trial, the money will be returned.
Aurora, January 28th, 1858. (f-52)

COOKING STOVE FOR SALE!
FOR Sale, an excellent second hand Cooking
Stove. Terms—reasonable.
Apply at the
NEW ERA OFFICE.
Newmarket, Nov. 12, 1857. (f-41)

PURE COD LIVER OIL,
Can be Obtained at
Dr. NASIP'S Medical Hall,
NEWMARKET.
HAVING just received a large supply; also, the
Genuine Morrell's Indian Root Pills, Halls
Kidney Pills, and Pills, Rhuematism Pills, Pain
Expeller, Female's Remedy, Golden Worm Tea,
Pain's Pills, Vegetable Antibilious Pills, Eye
Salve, Cherry and Lung Wort and Cherry Pectoral.
The above are warranted genuine from the re-
spective proprietors.
Newmarket, March 24th, 1858. (f-6)

Presents, Presents.
JUST RECEIVED, at this Office, a splendid as-
ortment of BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
YACHT ARTICLES, suitable for Christmas Pres-
ents. No charge for inspection—call and see.
NEW ERA OFFICE.
Newmarket, Nov. 25, 1857.

Business Directory.
John T. Stokes,
ARCHITECT &c., &c., SHARON, Canada West.
Sharon, Jan. 25, 1858. (f-51)

GEO. HUGHES,
COMMISSIONER for taking Affidavits in the
Queen's Bench, for the Counties of York, Peel
and Simcoe, Conveyancer, &c., &c.
Browsville, April, 1857. (f-14)

T. Bishop & Son,
BRICK-LAYERS, Plasterers and Stone Masons.
Dealers in Lime, &c. &c.
Main Street, Newmarket, May 7, 1857. (f-14)

Dr. E. VERNON,
—AURORA—
RESIDENCE—formerly occupied by Dr. Gei-
kie.
Aurora, March 11, 1857. (f-6)

CHARLES MORTIMER, M. D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,
AURORA. (f-16)

DR. M. RANNEY,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,
SHARON. (f-16)

A. BOULTBEE,
BARRISTER, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyan-
cer, &c., Newmarket.
Newmarket, Oct. 9th, 1855. (f-36)

R. MOORE,
BARRISTER, Solicitor in Chancery, Attorney
at Law, &c., &c., Office—in the New Court
House, next to the County Council Office, Toronto.
Toronto, June 5, 1857. (f-36)

JOHN B. JONES,
BARRISTER-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery,
Conveyancer, &c., &c., Office in Elgin Build-
ing, corner of Yonge and Adelaide Streets, Toron-
to.
Toronto, June 20, 1855. (f-31)

NORTH RICHARDSON,
CONVEYANCER, Land Agent, &c., Commis-
sioner in the Queen's Bench. Office—Old
Stand. Prospect St. Patents of Inventions procured
Newmarket, 1855. (f-1)

INTERNATIONAL
Life Assurance Society of London,
Capital—Half-a-Million Sterling.
—ROBERT H. SMITH,
Agent.
Newmarket, Nov. 3, 1855. (f-41)

DR. PYNE,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,
RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he
has REMOVED to his new premises on Lydia
Street, opposite the Woolen Factory, where he may
be consulted at all hours, except when absent on
professional business.
Newmarket, May 14, 1856. (f-15)

DR. HACKETT,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR, &c.
RESIDENCE—Prospect Street, (Oarbutt Hill.)
Newmarket. (f-26)

A. J. McCracken,
CARRIAGE MAKER, NEWMARKET.
HAVING recently located in this place, will
keep constantly on hand a general assortment
of CARRIAGES, such as
BAROUCHES, ROCK-A-WAYS,
Rough and Ready, Phaetons, Prince Alberts, Trot-
ting Buggies, &c.
Repairing done in a neat and substantial
manner. (f-1)

SHOP, ON MAIN STREET,
Three doors South of the New Era Printing Office
Newmarket, April 15, 1857. (f-11)

DONALD SUTHERLAND,
WATER STREET, NEWMARKET,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware,
BOOTS & SHOES,
Ready-Made Clothing,
China, Glass and Earthenware.
The Highest price paid for Farm Produce.
Cash for Wheat, Oats, &c. (f-17)

Unity Fire and Unity
General Insurance Associations,
OF ENGLAND,
FOR every description of Fire, and Life Assur-
ance Business.
Capital, £2,500,000 Sterling.
Carter Office—Unity Buildings, Cannon St., Lon-
don, England.
Toronto Branch—Toronto Street
J. W. MARSDEN,
Agent for the Counties of York and Simcoe.
Newmarket, July 31, 1857. (f-35)

ROBERT BRODIE,
BUILDER, & CO.
Returning thanks for the liberal patronage be-
stowed during the past few years, respectfully
intimates that he is now prepared to contract for the
ERECTION OF BUILDINGS,
and when required, find all Materials. Shop on
Water Street.
Newmarket, Oct. 9th, 1855. (f-36)

E. D. ROGERS,
JOINER AND CARPENTER,
Returning thanks for the liberal patronage con-
ferred since commencing business in this place,
will respectfully intimate that he is prepared to
contract for the
ERECTION OF BUILDINGS,
of all descriptions—and furnish materials or other-
wise, as may be agreed upon. He keeps constantly
on hand, a good supply of Sash and Doors. All
orders executed in a neat and substantial manner,
and with dispatch.
Newmarket, Sept. 24, 1857. (f-34)

Mr. ESTEN,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR.
Office—Next door to Mr. Boulton's Law Of-
fice, Eagle Street, Newmarket.
October 29, 1857. (f-39)

RYAN & HALLEN,
CIVIL ENGINEERS,
AND
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS.
Office—Newmarket, County of York.
JOHN RYAN. G. W. HALLEN.
December 23, 1857. (f-47)

My Little Boy.
CHAPTER I.
I was but a childish mother. I had not
forgotten the merry laugh of my girlhood,
when they laid my baby on my breast, and
I looked upon him more as a curious play-
thing than as a human soul given into my
hands for his earthly training. But my hus-
band—ah, he was grave and wise enough
for both—mother and child alike.
My husband was many years older than
myself. He had known many a joy and
sorrow long before I was born—and on the
very day when my nurse was holding me
(a helpless, laughing cowering baby) out to
pick the daisies for my birthday garlands,
he was bending tearfully over the graves of
one who had made his home happy for years
—the wife of his youth and the mother of
his children. Strange! that I who had no
knowledge of sorrow, was yet to dispel him
—that he who had never gazed upon that
child's face of mine, was one day to take its
owner to his heart, as the light and joy of
his declining years.
Long, long before I met my husband I
had known him well. The name of Arthur
Hawthorne was familiar to me from my ear-
liest years, and the poems he had written
were preserved among my choicest treasures.
In my secret heart I had the wish and hope
to meet him some day. I would steal one
look at his face—it may be, though the hand
that had penned those beautiful thoughts, and
then go away and remember him all my life,
while he forgot me! This was my dream—
how different the reality!
We met suddenly, unexpectedly, embar-
rassingly. I looked for a sage—a philoso-
pher—a man who had outlived the passion of
life, and was kind benevolent, like to all
But when I raised my eyes to the handsome
face, and saw it marked with lines of care
and sorrow, and I saw the luxuriant flow-
ing hair, and erect and stately forehead—
and more than all, when I met the glance of
those eyes of fire (could it be an admiring
glance that rested upon my girlish face and
form?) my own drooping, my heart beat quick
—and I stood before him, timid, blushing, and
trembling, like a frightened bird.
I, who had scarcely dreamed of love, won
his. I, who knew nothing of the great
world beyond my home, pined him who
had seen its fiercest women. I, who had no
beauty, no grace, no talent, won him who
had all, and won him too, from a throng who
were far more worthy. And yet—were they
I? They were lovely, they were wealthy
and fashionable, but they had grown cold and
hard in a long apprenticeship to fashion, and
I gave him a heart that was as fresh and
pure as the mountain daisies I had loved so
well. They would have given him the love
they could not lavish on their diamonds and
equipages—I gave him all. To them he
would have been a man, to me he was a
God. Did not my perfect love of my faith,
and trust, and sincerity, outweigh their more
glittering qualities? Perhaps I felt it then;
and here to-day, when the years have made
me older, and the world has made me wiser,
I believe it from my very heart.
Our home was a little paradise—close be-
side the sea—a small, low-roofed, brown cot-
tage, with a rustic porch and lattice win-
dows, overgrown with climbing roses. The
low murmur of the ocean soothed me into a
happy sleep each night—the sweet song of
the swallow waked me to a happy day each
morning. And here, in the pleasant sum-
mer time, my blue eyed boy was born, and
my cup of joy was full to running over.
My boy, like all other mother's boys, was
beautiful. And yet his loveliness made me
heart ache. So frail, so fair. His colour-
less waxen cheek, his slender form, and
melancholy blue eyes, filled me with a thou-
sand fears. How often have I bent upon
him as he laid upon my lap, and prayed with
all a mother's earnestness that his life might
be spared. It was a foolish prayer—an un-
wise one—but then I could not see it.
My very life seemed wrapped up in that
of my babe. With him by me every day I
could not see him fading, and the morning
sun could tell no tales. But now and then a
shadow came over his father's brow as he
watched us, that not even my kisses could
quite drive away. I thought him growing
stern and cold; but oh, I wronged him—
Never had he loved us both so tenderly.
Weeks passed on. My baby's eyes looked
intelligently into mine, and the little rosy
lips smiled whenever I came near. But still
those liping utterances that thrill the heart
so deeply were silent, and all my loving les-
sons fell on the unheeded ear.
The shadow on Arthur's face grew deeper
as he watched my unceasing efforts. At
last the blow came. I had been sitting in
the doorway with little Ernest in my arms,
trying to teach him to say Papa. His large
blue eyes were fixed on me with a wistful
expression, but still the lips were mute, and
vexed and disappointed I heaved a deep sigh
and laid him back in his cradle. Something
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Poetry.
Through the Darkness into Light.
When the moon was filling nightly,
In the altitudes of May,
Angels came in starry garments,
And they bore my child away—
Through the depths of death's dark river,
Where the shining feet went down;
Where the moaning waters shiver
'Mid the shadows that they drown.
But the feet of morning met him
Just upon the other side,
And the darkness of the valley
Drifted downward on the tide.
For the angels crowned his forehead
With the glory up above,
And the Father took him gently
To the bosom of his love.
Ere we shall all be gathered
Safely to the Father's fold
When the circling ages fall,
And the sands of time are told,
Worlds on worlds, like sea-ward waters,
Then shall, mingle into one,
Buried with an endless blessing,
To the Father and the Son.

Literature.
My Little Boy.
CHAPTER I.
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ing hair, and erect and stately forehead—
and more than all, when I met the glance of
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glance that rested upon my girlish face and
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—and I stood before him, timid, blushing, and
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Our home was a little paradise—close be-
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happy sleep each night—the sweet song of
the swallow waked me to a happy day each
morning. And here, in the pleasant sum-
mer time, my blue eyed boy was born, and
my cup of joy was full to running over.
My boy, like all other mother's boys, was
beautiful. And yet his loveliness made me
heart ache. So frail, so fair. His colour-
less waxen cheek, his slender form, and
melancholy blue eyes, filled me with a thou-
sand fears. How often have I bent upon
him as he laid upon my lap, and prayed with
all a mother's earnestness that his life might
be spared. It was a foolish prayer—an un-
wise one—but then I could not see it.
My very life seemed wrapped up in that
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sun could tell no tales. But now and then a
shadow came over his father's brow as he
watched us, that not even my kisses could
quite drive away. I thought him growing
stern and cold; but oh, I wronged him—
Never had he loved us both so tenderly.
Weeks passed on. My baby's eyes looked
intelligently into mine, and the little rosy
lips smiled whenever I came near. But still
those liping utterances that thrill the heart
so deeply were silent, and all my loving les-
sons fell on the unheeded ear.
The shadow on Arthur's face grew deeper
as he watched my unceasing efforts. At
last the blow came. I had been sitting in
the doorway with little Ernest in my arms,
trying to teach him to say Papa. His large
blue eyes were fixed on me with a wistful
expression, but still the lips were mute, and
vexed and disappointed I heaved a deep sigh
and laid him back in his cradle. Something
in the look my husband gave me settled upon

My Little Boy.
CHAPTER I.
I was but a childish mother. I had not
forgotten the merry laugh of my girlhood,
when they laid my baby on my breast, and
I looked upon him more as a curious play-
thing than as a human soul given into my
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My husband was many years older than
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and more than all, when I met the glance of
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Our home was a little paradise—close be-
side the sea—a small, low-roofed, brown cot-
tage, with a rustic porch and lattice win-
dows, overgrown with climbing roses. The
low murmur of the ocean soothed me into a
happy sleep each night—the sweet song of
the swallow waked me to a happy day each
morning. And here, in the pleasant sum-
mer time, my blue eyed boy was born, and
my cup of joy was full to running over.
My boy, like all other mother's boys, was
beautiful. And yet his loveliness made me
heart ache. So frail, so fair. His colour-
less waxen cheek, his slender form, and
melancholy blue eyes, filled me with a thou-
sand fears. How often have I bent upon
him as he laid upon my lap, and prayed with
all a mother's earnestness that his life might
be spared. It was a foolish prayer—an un-
wise one—but then I could not see it.
My very life seemed wrapped up in that
of my babe. With him by me every day I
could not see him fading, and the morning
sun could tell no tales. But now and then a
shadow came over his father's brow as he
watched us, that not even my kisses could
quite drive away. I thought him growing
stern and cold; but oh, I wronged him—
Never had he loved us both so tenderly.
Weeks passed on. My baby's eyes looked
intelligently into mine, and the little rosy
lips smiled whenever I came near. But still
those liping utterances that thrill the heart
so deeply were silent, and all my loving les-
sons fell on the unheeded ear.
The shadow on Arthur's face grew deeper
as he watched my unceasing efforts. At
last the blow came. I had been sitting in
the doorway with little Ernest in my arms,
trying to teach him to say Papa. His large
blue eyes were fixed on me with a wistful
expression, but still the lips were mute, and
vexed and disappointed I heaved a deep sigh
and laid him back in his cradle. Something
in the look my husband gave me settled upon

My Little Boy.
CHAPTER I.
I was but a childish mother. I had not
forgotten the merry laugh of my girlhood,
when they laid my baby on my breast, and
I looked upon him more as a curious play-
thing than as a human soul given into my
hands for his earthly training. But my hus-
band—ah, he was grave and wise enough
for both—mother and child alike.
My husband was many years older than
myself. He had known many a joy and
sorrow long before I was born—and on the
very day when my nurse was holding me
(a helpless, laughing cowering baby) out to
pick the daisies for my birthday garlands,
he was bending tearfully over the graves of
one who had made his home happy for years
—the wife of his youth and the mother of
his children. Strange! that I who had no
knowledge of sorrow, was yet to dispel him
—that he who had never gazed upon that
child's face of mine, was one day to take its
owner to his heart, as the light and joy of
his declining years.
Long, long before I met my husband I
had known him well. The name of Arthur
Hawthorne was familiar to me from my ear-
liest years, and the poems he had written
were preserved among my choicest treasures.
In my secret heart I had the wish and hope
to meet him some day. I would steal one
look at his face—it may be, though the hand
that had penned those beautiful thoughts, and
then go away and remember him all my life,
while he forgot me! This was my dream—
how different the reality!
We met suddenly, unexpectedly, embar-
rassingly. I looked for a sage—a philoso-
pher—a man who had outlived the passion of
life, and was kind benevolent, like to all
But when I raised my eyes to the handsome
face, and saw it marked with lines of care
and sorrow, and I saw the luxuriant flow-
ing hair, and erect and stately forehead—
and more than all, when I met the glance of
those eyes of fire (could it be an admiring
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